

CASTLE



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RICHARD CASTLE'S A CALM BEFORE STORM A DERRICK STORM MYSTERY

DAVID • ATKINS • ELMER • OWENS • SOTOMAYOR

RICHARD CASTLE'S **A CALM BEFORE STORM** **A DERRICK STORM MYSTERY**

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR DERRICK STORM WAS ENJOYING THE EASY LIFE UNTIL HE FISHED UP THE DECAPITATED HEAD BELONGING TO A VICTIM OF NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL THE FEAR. THIS MAN ALSO KILLED DERRICK'S MOTHER.

IN THE HOPES OF AVOIDING AN INTERNATIONAL CRISIS AND TO ENACT THEIR REVENGE, DERRICK AND HIS FATHER, CARL, HAVE TEAMED UP TO TAKE DOWN THE FEAR. CALLING IN A FAVOR WITH FAMED PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR JAKE PALACE, DERRICK ARRIVED AT THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY—JUST IN TIME TO INTERRUPT THE FEAR ASSASSINATING RUSSIAN DIPLOMATS AND FRAMING DERRICK FOR IT.



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SO THIS LITTLE RUSSIAN KID SAYS TO HIS FATHER, "WHAT WILL COMMUNISM BE LIKE WHEN IT'S PERFECTED?" AND THE FATHER SAYS, "EVERYONE WILL HAVE WHATEVER THEY NEED."

AND THE KID SAYS, "BUT WHAT IF THERE'S A SHORTAGE OF MEAT?" AND THE FATHER, HE SAYS, "THEN THERE'LL BE A SIGN ON THE BUTCHER SHOP THAT SAYS, 'NO ONE NEEDS MEAT TODAY.'"

WHAT, TOO SOON?

THE WHOLE "FALL OF COMMUNISM" THING STILL A SORE SUBJECT?

DERRICK... YOU'RE NOT HELPING.







SO, HOW'S IT GO--?

SHUT UP.

OOOOO.KAY.

I SHOULD LEAVE YOU TO ROT. I REALLY SHOULD.

I SHOULD TELL THE RUSSIANS THAT I HAVE NO IDEA WHO THE HELL YOU ARE, AND LET THEM DISAPPEAR YOU.

THEY STILL DO THAT, YOU KNOW. YOU'RE ON THEIR SOVEREIGN TERRITORY.

WE DIDN'T KILL ANYONE. THEY KNOW IT, AND I'M PRETTY SURE YOU KNOW IT.

THAT'S WHY YOU VOUCH FOR US.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I VOUCH FOR YOU?

HOW COULD YOU NOT? WE'RE ADORABLE.

IF I DID VOUCH FOR YOU...

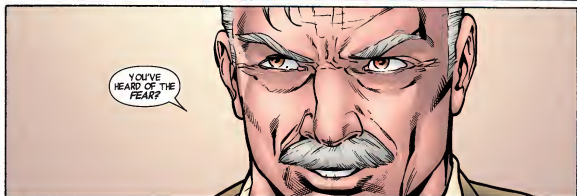
I CAN UNVOUCH FOR YOU JUST AS FAST.

IS UNVOUCH EVEN A WORD?

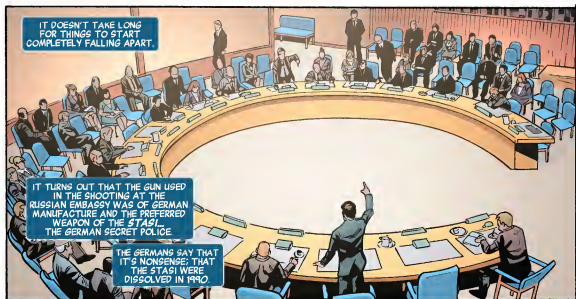
IT WILL BE, AND ONE THAT YOU WILL PERSONALLY EXPERIENCE...

...UNLESS YOU TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON.

WHATEVER YOU'RE HIDING, IT COMES OUT NOW.







IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG
FOR THINGS TO START
COMPLETELY FALLING APART.

IT TURNS OUT THAT THE GUN USED
IN THE SHOOTING AT THE
RUSSIAN EMBASSY WAS OF GERMAN
MANUFACTURE AND THE PREFERRED
WEAPON OF THE STASI.
THE GERMAN SECRET POLICE

THE GERMANS SAY THAT
IT'S NONSENSE; THAT
THE STASI WERE
DISSOLVED IN 1990.



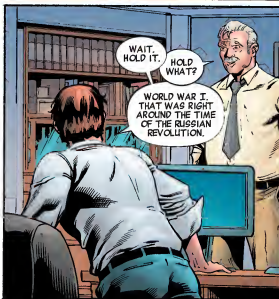
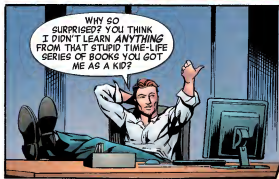
THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW, A GERMAN
DIPLOMAT IS FOUND DEAD IN HIS HOTEL
ROOM, THANKS TO HIS DINNER: SCHNITZEL
WITH A SIDE OF RAT POISON.

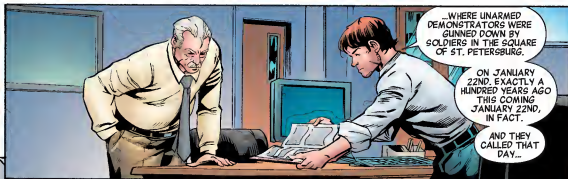
FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE
THE 1940S, RUSSIA AND
GERMANY ARE SABER RATTLING
AND SHOUTING ABOUT WAR.



DEMONSTRATIONS ARE BREAKING
OUT IN RUSSIA, GERMANY AND
HERE IN THE GOOD OLD U.S. OF A

AND I, ALONG WITH THE REST
OF THE WORLD, AM JUST
LOOKING ON IN DISBELIEF.





...WHERE UNARMED
DEMONSTRATORS WERE
GUNNED DOWN BY
SOLDIERS IN THE SQUARE
OF ST. PETERSBURG.

ON JANUARY
22ND, EXACTLY A
HUNDRED YEARS AGO
THIS COMING
JANUARY 22ND,
IN FACT.

AND THEY CALLED THAT
DAY...



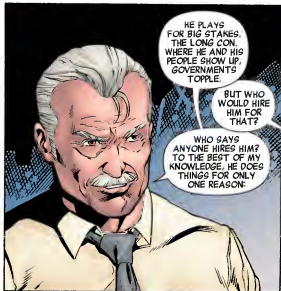
BLOODY
SUNDAY.

I MEAN,
IT'S PROBABLY
COINCIDENCE,
BUT...



NOT
NECESSARILY.
NOT IF THE FEAR
IS INVOLVED.

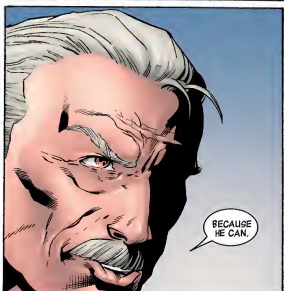
THIS IS HIS
GAME, AND MOST
OF THE TIME, YOU
DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHAT HIS
GAME IS.



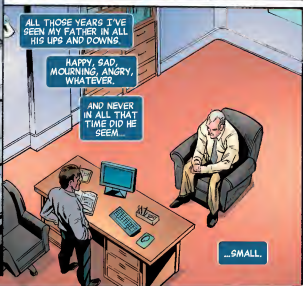
HE PLAYS
FOR BIG STAKES.
THE LONG CON.
WHERE HE AND HIS
PEOPLE SHOW UP,
GOVERNMENTS
TOPPLE.

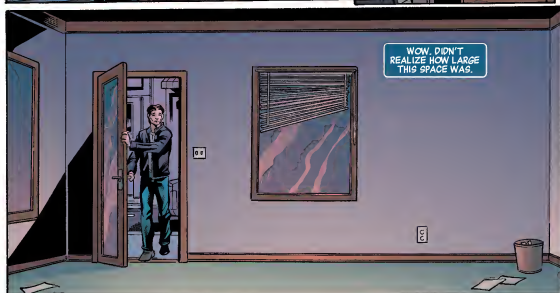
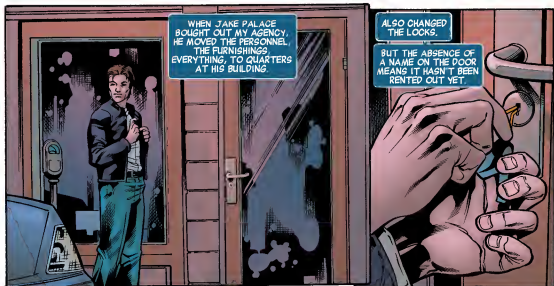
BUT WHO
WOULD HIRE
HIM FOR
THAT?

WHO SAYS
ANYONE Hires HIM?
TO THE BEST OF MY
KNOWLEDGE, HE DOES
THINGS FOR ONLY
ONE REASON:



BECAUSE
HE CAN.







DIDN'T REALIZE
I WOULD MISS A
LOT OF THINGS.

ON THE OTHER HAND,
THERE ARE SOME
THINGS I THOUGHT
I'D NEVER MISS.



OR EVEN
SOME PEOPLE
I THOUGHT I'D
NEVER MISS.



"PUT AN X IN
THE WINDOW IF
YOU NEED ME."

AND WHEN SHE SAID IT,
I DIDN'T KNOW WHICH
WAS MORE RIDICULOUS:

TO THINK THAT
SHE MEANT IT...

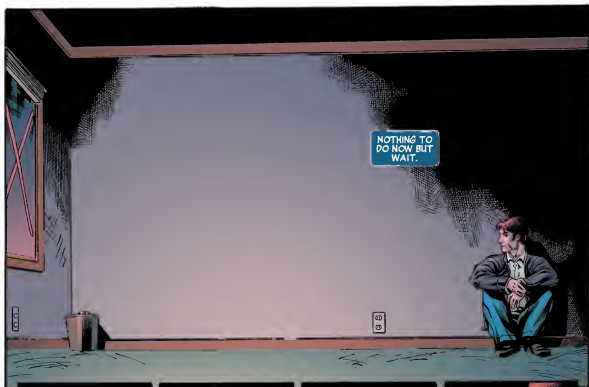


OR THAT
I WOULD
EVER COME
CRAWLING TO
HER FOR HELP.

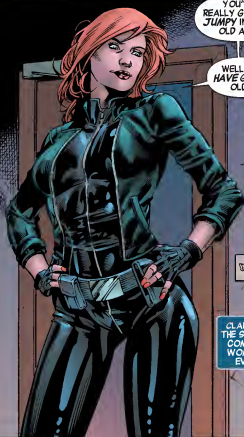


EITHER WAY...
HERE WE ARE.

AND I MAY HAVE
GOTTEN MY
FATHER'S HOPES UP
OVER SOMETHING
THAT TURNS OUT
TO BE AN UTTER
WASTE OF TIME.







CLARA STRIKE
THE SINGLE MOST
COMPLICATED
WOMAN I'VE
EVER MET.

WHEN I WAS
RECRUITED TO BE
AN ASSET FOR
THE C.I.A. SHE
WAS MY HANDLER.







STORM, IN YOUR IMAGINATION, DURING THE COURSE OF THE DAY, HOW OFTEN DO YOU THINK YOU ACTUALLY COME UP IN CONVERSATION?

ON AN AVERAGE DAY? PURELY AS A GUESSTIMATE, I'D SAY--

NEVER.

I MIGHT'VE GUESSED MORE.



OKAY, SO LOOK: HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT A GUY CALLING HIMSELF "THE FEAR"?



EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THAT HE WAS IN NEW YORK UNTIL RECENTLY.

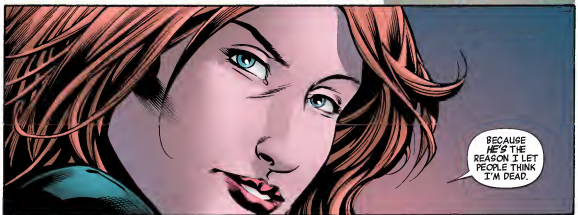
HUH? HOW DID YOU--?

I KEEP TRACK OF ALL HIS COMINGS AND GOINGS. I'VE GOT EYES AND EARS EVERYWHERE.



THE PROBLEM IS THAT USUALLY MY INTEL COMES IN TOO LATE TO HEAD HIM OFF. I ALWAYS FIND OUT AFTER THE FACT.

WHY WOULD YOU KEEP SUCH CLOSE TABS ON THE FEAR?



BECAUSE HE'S THE REASON I LET PEOPLE THINK I'M DEAD.

THIS IS INSANE! HOW CAN ONE GUY I'VE NEVER HEARD OF HAVE THAT MUCH IMPACT ON THE LIVES OF THOSE CLOSEST TO ME?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I DON'T--



DON'T BELIEVE IT? DON'T UNDERSTAND IT?

LOOK, I'M NOT ESPECIALLY PROUD OF IT, OKAY? NOT REALLY INTERESTED IN DISCUSSING IT.



SO HOW ABOUT WE DON'T DISCUSS IT ANYMORE.

SO WHAT'S YOUR DEAL WITH THE FEAR?



FOR THE SECOND TIME IN AS MANY DAYS, I LAY IT ALL OUT FOR A FED.

SHE LISTENS WITHOUT COMMENT, MUCH LIKE HELEN DID. THE TWO OF THEM COULD BE SISTERS. AND WHEN I'M DONE.



OKAY. I CAN HELP YOU ON ONE CONDITION.

AND THAT IS--?


YOU LET IT GO.





I LET
WHAT GO?
YOU
BEING PISSED
WITH ME.

WHO SAID
I WAS PISSED
WITH YOU?



THE TENSION
IN YOUR VOICE. THE
FROWN OF YOUR MOUTH.
THE TWITCH IN ONE EYE.
A HUNDRED LITTLE TELLS.
YOU'D BE A LOUSY
POKER PLAYER.



I HAPPEN
TO BE A GREAT
POKER PLAYER. MY
DAD TAUGHT ME AND
NOW I BEAT HIM
ALL THE TIME.

THEN HE'S
LETTING YOU
WIN TO BE
NICE.



I'M **NOT** SCREWING AROUND
HERE, STORM. I KNOW YOU'RE
ANGRY THAT I LIED TO YOU. I
KNOW YOU HATED MOURNING
ME WHEN I HAD THE
NERVE TO BE ALIVE.

BUT UNLESS
YOU CAN DUMP
THAT, RIGHT NOW,
YOU'LL NEVER
TRUST ME.

AND IF I'M
GOING TO PULL
THIS OFF, I'LL
NEED THAT
TRUST.

TRUST HER? TRUST
THE WOMAN WHO
CRUSHED MY HEART?
NO WAY. NO
DAMNED WAY.

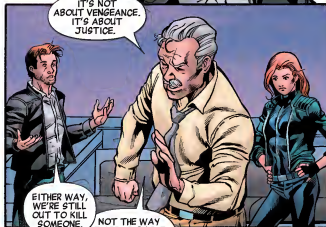
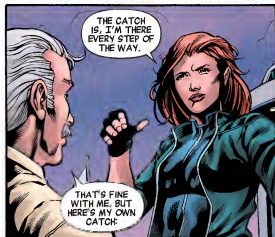
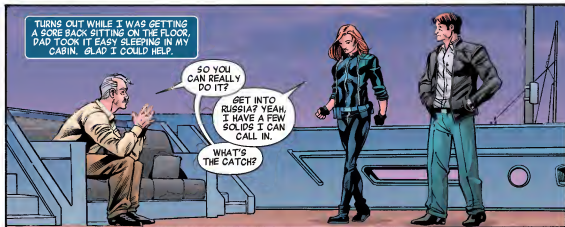


SURE. NO
PROBLEM.



MY GOD.
YOU'RE FULL
OF CRAP.

FOR RIGHT
NOW, I'LL
SETTLE FOR A
LIE. LET'S GO
SEE YOUR
DAD.





TO BE CONTINUED...

COMING NEXT...



NONIE

